

FANTASTIC FREE DOOR HANGER

MARVEL
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THE REAL

Nº90 45p

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GHOSTBUSTERS™



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Hooray, it's Issue ninety of **The Real Ghostbusters** and boy (and girl), have we got a fabulous issue for you this week! Those wonderful people from **Scorpio Products International Ltd** have got together with the equally wonderful **Marvel** folks to give you a fantastic free **Real Ghostbusters Door Hanger**, which you can hang on your bedroom door to ward off evil spirits – or even parents!

If that isn't enough for all you fans of the fiendish, there's more exciting ectoplasmic adventure in the shape of a gigantic weather spectre in **Heavy Weather!** Not only that though, there's also a terrifying text story called **Sign-Ghosted!** plus the latest instalment of the **Ghostbusters II** film adaptation!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE

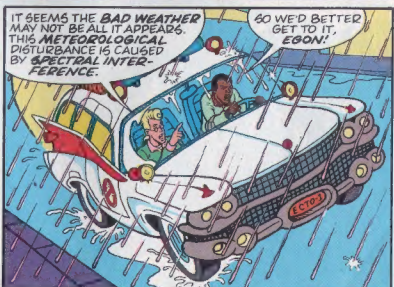
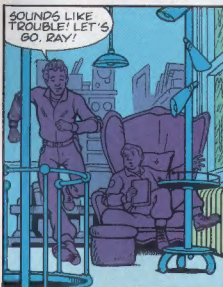
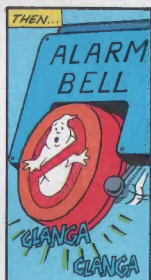


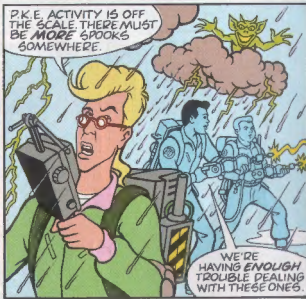
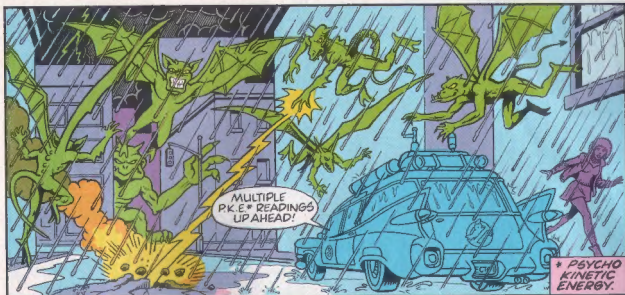
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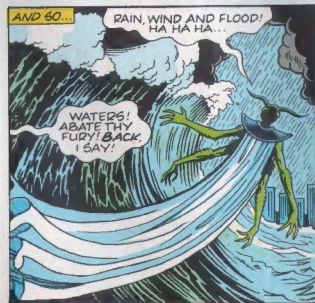


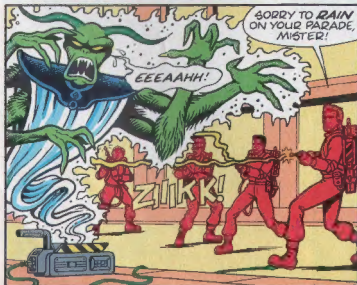
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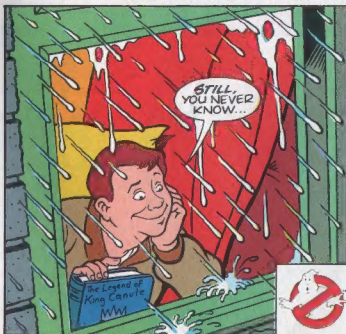
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**THE REAL
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NAME (BLOCK CAPITALS)

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OFFER CLOSES 30 MARCH 1990

SPENCER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



PART 90

When is a door not a door? I can hear Peter in the background muttering something about 'jars', but I can tell you now he's wrong. For us, a door or portal is an open area in a wall which allows us to pass through without undue bruising. Doors are also the movable flat things that fit into these gaps. Yes, Peter, I know you know that. Yes, I'm sure all the readers do too. I'm just getting to my point.

For the dedicated paranormal expert, a door or portal is the opening in the interdimensional fabric that allows things to pass from the Supercosmos to our own realm. Sometimes, these doors are the result of spells, or, more occasionally, unexpectedly loud sneezes. At other times, these doors are holes blown open by ectoplasmic pressure, or tears made where the fabric of Space/Time is naturally thin. In the spring of 1973, Roddy Silt of Stanstead drilled through into the Fathomless Bowels of Damnation when he was putting up shelves in the bathroom, but that was something of a fluke.

The real point about Interdimensional Portals is that


they're interdimensional. What do you mean 'that sounds really dumb, Eeg's'? Who's writing this Guide book, Peter, me or you? Maybe you'd like to take over, as you clearly seem to think that it's the easiest thing in the world to do. You wouldn't? Then stay out of my way and stop muttering. Yes, back a bit. Further. Okay, you can sit there behind the pot plant if you promise not to mutter. I can hear you muttering. Better. And, Peter – if you're going to pretend to be reading, at least get the magazine up the right way. Where was I?

Ah yes, – interdimensional. It wasn't quite as daft as it sounded. You see that the peculiarity of these portals is that there's no guarantee you'll end up in the same place twice. Take the case of

psychic investigator Lynette Whipe. She passed through a portal that opened up in the doorway of the ladies' fitting room in the Selfenhams Department Store in Cheam, only to appear in the middle of a skirmish between fear-furies and screamhaggards on the fifth plain of Pandemonium. Swiftly, she leapt back through the portal in order to avoid getting ecto-slime on her donkey jacket (actually it wasn't *her* donkey jacket, but in fact one that she was taking into the fitting rooms to try on) and found herself halfway up a cliff-face in the Pyrenees. Back through the portal she went (thankful of her donkey jacket, as it was pretty chilly up that mountain) and there she was up to her knees in goo in the Caverns of Terror, at the heart of the Supercosmic Void. It was only after that that the portal spat her back through into the changing rooms, by which time she'd decided against the donkey jacket and the yellow pop socks she'd been toying with. Beware of portals . . . they can whisk you away anywhere without warning. Can't they Peter? Peter?

SIGN-GHOSTED!



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

When Peter and Egon return to New York after a long business trip, they find everything is the same as usual. . . almost. . .

"New York, New York, so good they named it twice!" screamed Peter, as the Boeing 707 swept down onto the runway of JFK airport. Egon looked up from his worn copy of *Tobin's Spirit Guide* and stared at his fellow Ghostbuster.

"Peter, if you sing that song once more, you might persuade even me to take up an unusual amount of physical violence."

"Oh come on, Egon," Peter replied as the plane came to a stop. He leapt up, grabbing his suitcase from the luggage holder above him. "It's just so good to be back!"

Egon nodded. Apart from an interesting number of new, and some unknown, spores and fungi, the two Ghostbusters' trip to the Amazon had been fairly unremarkable. Of course, there had been the Bulldozer Ghost to deal with, ripping its way through the jungle like there was no tomorrow – and if it hadn't been stopped, there wouldn't have been now. That incident was soon dealt with and Egon was soon being dragged back to the airport to get home.

"The Amazon's so hot and confusing," added Peter as he pulled the protesting scientist onto the plane at Brasilia "You know where you are in New York, and that's where I want to be!"

So they were back. Peter raced down the gangway and was racing off to the terminal before Egon could stop him. He carefully packed the *Spirit Guide* away, packed up his suitcase and said goodbye to the stewardess.

"Thank you sir, have a nice time in New Amsterdam," replied the stewardess, smiling vacantly.

"Ah, a history joke," Egon answered, "Very good. New Amsterdam – the old name for New York –"

The stewardess stopped smiling and looked at Egon as if he was some kind of nut. "Are you some kind of nut?" she asked.

"Where's New York?"

Egon smiled faintly and started down the gangway. Ray and Winston were waiting at the bottom of the stairs to meet him.

"Great to see you!" said Winston.

"The fire station hasn't been the same since you went away," added Ray.

"More jokes?" replied Egon. "You know we renamed the fire station Ghostbusters' HQ."

Winston and Ray looked at each other, shrugged, then looked at Egon as if he was some kind of nut.

"Are you –" began Ray.

"I think I already know that one," replied Egon. Suddenly, a brown blur burst out of the airport terminal and raced towards them, waving its arm frantically and tripping over neatly stacked suitcases as it ran.

"Peter," smiled Ray. "We missed you. Welcome to New Amster—" "DON'T SAY IT!" screamed Peter. "Egon, they're all saying that in the terminal. People race up to you, embrace you and then suddenly you're thinking it's New Amsterdam that you're in too!"

What's going on?"

Egon looked towards the terminal. Sure enough, the huge sign that once said 'Welcome to New York' now said 'We wish you a splendid time in New Amsterdam'.

"Most unscientific," murmured Egon. "The city seems to have been gripped by some sort of mass hypnosis. Let's get to HQ and find out what's going on."

The Ghostbusters made for the car park, to find it had been turned into a coach and horse park. A bright red four person coach complete with flashing light and six horses awaited them. Peter stared. His mouth dropped open.

"Anyone would think you'd never seen

ECTO-1 before," said Ray, looking hurt.

"This is more than mass hypnosis," said Peter. "I smell spook work here!" Egon nodded, producing a PKE Meter from his bag. It flashed alarmingly. Ray and

Winston jumped away from it.

"Witchcraft!" they squealed together.

"Things seem to be getting worse," said Egon. "To HQ, fast!"

The ride to downtown Manhattan was not easy. For some reason, people were driving their buggies, coach and horses on the wrong side of the road, just like they did in England. All the signposts were wrong – Fifth Avenue seemed to have disappeared completely – and the Ghostbusters had to drive through a huge parkland area to get to their HQ. "This is almost as if New York has been thrown back into the seventeenth century," said Egon. "This park is usually just a block of preserved trees and shrubs just off Soho!"

"Egon, look – ghosts!" shouted Peter. Four people in seventeenth century costume waved cheerfully at them as 'ECTO-1' pulled into the fire station. "Not ghosts," replied Egon.

"Those are real live New York citizens!"

Egon raced to Janine's desk and pulled out a map of New York.

"This map's all wrong!" he said. "Look, it's changing even as we speak!" The Ghostbusters looked. Ray and Winston shrugged and started for the stairs. "Well, if you two need us, we'll be playing some music, or reading," they said.

"No television," said Peter. The two looked at him like he was some sort of nut and went upstairs.

"OK, OK, we'll see you later. Egon, why aren't we affected by all this? What's happening?"

"Some influence is changing New York, reverting it to an earlier age. You aren't affected because you love our New York so much. . ."

"And you're not affected because you never know where you are, anyway," replied Peter. "So, what do we do?"

Egon looked at the map again. "If we can find some part of New York that hasn't been affected by all this yet – ah, yes, Ninety Seventh Street – Harlem. . ."

Harlem was a mess. The streets were strewn with rubbish, the buildings

looked as though they were about to fall down in places and burnt out cars dotted the sidewalks. "Yep, this is Harlem alright" said Peter. "Looks like a bomb hit it, same as usual. So much for urban renewal. . ."

"Here comes some urban renewal right now," said Egon, priming his Proton Gun. "Look!"

Up the street came a well dressed, dapper looking man wearing horn rimmed glasses. He had several signs under his arms and was carrying several cans of paint in one hand. He also looked very transparent.

"Dear me, what a mess," said the ghost. "We'll soon have this back to normal!"

"Hold it!" said Peter. "Just what do you think you're doing?" The ghost stopped and looked down its nose at Peter. "Doing? Why, I'm improving things of course. Taking New York back to a golden age, just as I wanted to do in life."

"I think I recognise him Peter," said Egon. "That's Gustav Krantz, the acclaimed seventeenth century historian! He was run over by a horse drawn cart two weeks ago!"

"Delighted, charmed I'm sure," said Gustav, smiling and producing a sign saying "Closed for redecoration" from under his arm. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have work to do."

"No you don't" said Peter. "I don't know what sort of golden age you think New York used to have, but we don't want it."

Peter's right," added Egon. "Our New York may be busy, crowded and full of problems but it's not up to a spook to sort them out!" He raised his Proton Gun.

"Looks like you're closed for business, pal," smiled Peter, blasting away. "Are you some kind of nuts?" shrieked Gustav.

"Just think how nice New Amsterdam looks! No ball games, no Yellow Cabs, no sky scrapers – yaaaaaaah!"

The Ghost Trap hummed with captured spooks. "Boy," said Peter, watching street signs revert to normal. "You sure meet some crazy people in this line of work!"

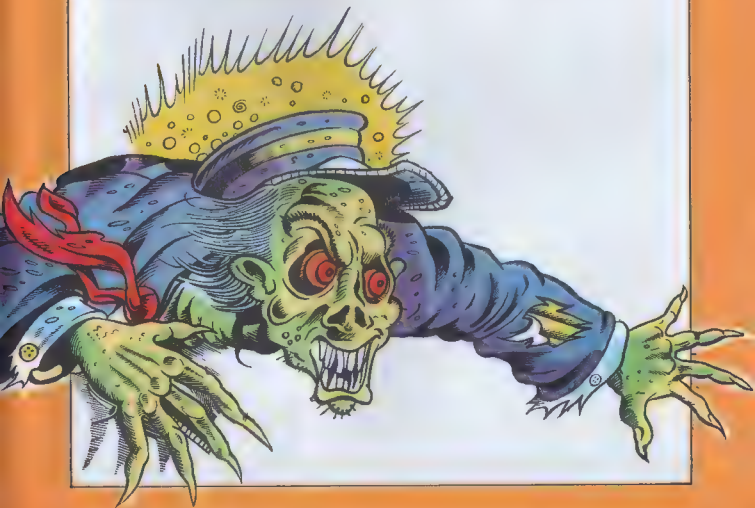
GHOSTLY CONDUCTOR

This was a classic example of a Class nine Vocational Repeater. A bony, grisly figure it was too, with blazing red eyes, dressed in an ancient ticket collector's uniform. This apparition was wreaking havoc on the Amtrak train, the Silver Meteor which ran from New York to Miami. The employees of the train had known for years of the ghost's existence but just recently passengers had started to disappear.

The skeletal fiend had been

collecting tickets since 1927, but now these tickets were seriously out of date, and so the unwitting travellers were despatched to a ghostly platform with lots of other passengers all demanding to know when the next train would be arriving.

The Real Ghostbusters were soon on the right tracks in their investigations and it was not long before they punched the Ghostly Ticket Collector's ticket for the last time!



DEAD TRUE!



n the night of 15th December 1890, the Eilean Mor Lighthouse, on the rocky Flannan Islands, suddenly went dark, a sight witnessed by two sailors on the vessel 'Fairwind.' Heading towards the lighthouse off the east coast of Scotland was a longboat, carrying a huddle of men seeking safety.

The sailors cried out, but there was no reply from the boatmen whose faces shone like bone. One of the sailors later testified: "They reminded me of the floating dead from a shipwreck, though there was movement in their arms."

Later that evening a storm broke, but without the aid of the lighthouse, ships were in great danger. Why was the lighthouse in total darkness? The supply vessel 'Hesperus' set off for the island on Boxing Day to

investigate.

Although the lighthouse had three keepers, the crewmen were met by an eerie silence. The searchers found a unusual type of seaweed on the stairway and in the office. Even in dreadful weather conditions, no lighthouse keeper had been known to desert his post.

There followed an inquiry, silenced by the discovery of the entries in the logbook by the lighthouse keeper:—

'12 December: Terrific gale tearing at lighthouse. Ship passing sounding foghorn. James Ducat irritable, Donald McArthur crying.

13 December: Storm continued during night. Ducat, McArthur and I prayed together.'

There was no entry recorded for 14 December, but the final line in the log read... '15 December: Storm ended 1pm. God is finally with us.'

So, while the log entries

reported gales lashing the Flannan Islands, just 20 miles away on the isle of Lewis, there were no recordings of bad weather at all.

The disappearance of the lighthouse men surprised everyone apart from the local folk who knew of the centuries old tales of 'hauntings' on the island. Indeed, the Hebridean farmers would risk the sailing to check on their sheep during daylight hours only. It was just the 'foolish sassenachs' at the lighthouse who dared to stay overnight.

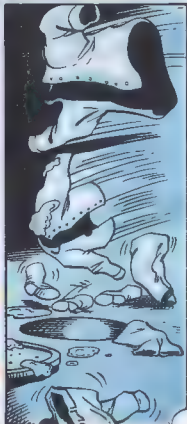
Final proof, if the locals needed any, was the evidence of the sailors of the 'Fairwind' — of the longboat crowded with ghosts — the mysterious, silent figures who had been so oblivious to their warning cries.



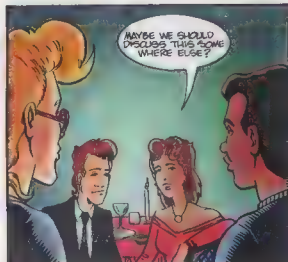
GH0STBUSTERS II

PART THIRTEEN

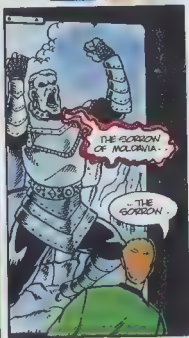
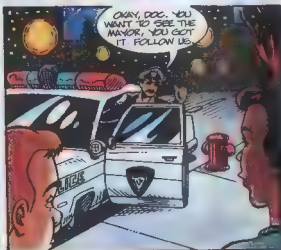
AT THE SAME TIME, IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.

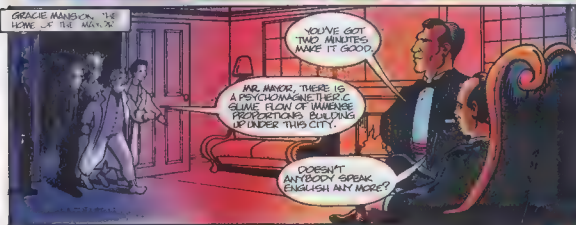
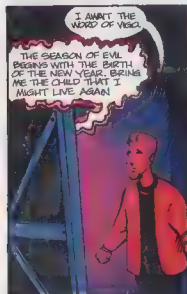






OUTSIDE





MORE ACTION NEXT WEEK!

SLIMER!

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AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



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GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Okay, here I go again delving into the most horrific things the Real Ghostbusters have ever had to face!

Dear Peter...

1. Why is Slimer so greedy?
 2. Are there real ghosts?
 3. Why don't you get a chain to lock the fridge at night and whilst on busts?
- Paul Worrall, Manchester

Slimer is so greedy because Slimer needs food to convert to slime which he so freely deposits on innocent, incredibly handsome young heroes. 2. Of course there are real ghosts, just like there are Real Ghostbusters. 3. Because we wouldn't be able to eat anything if we wanted a midnight feast, and besides, it wouldn't stop Slimer. Nothing stops Slimer.

How come you never bust Billy Bones in 'Blimey! It's Slimer!'

— Pete Sevart, Ely

Billy? Our little Billy? Never. A more harmless soul has never walked the earth! By the way, when I say 'soul' I mean it literally!

How does the Ecto-Containment Unit work?

— Richard Potts, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne

Cripes, don't you lot ask a lot of awkward questions! The Ecto-Containment Unit is a high-voltage laser containment system, which holds the ghosts behind an ion grid which spirits find impossible to penetrate. Unless some kind of rodent, like Walter Peck, comes and shuts off the power!

1. Why is Egon's hair blonde?
 2. Why do the Ghostbusters in the film look differently from the Ghostbusters in the cartoon?
- Anon, Tadley

Dear Anon, everybody knows that due to Slimer's interfering, Egon accidentally ate some Lumi-Fungi, which changed the colour of his hair. 2. Well, what can I say? I'm insulted! Aren't I just as incredibly handsome as I am in the film! Of course I am!

1. How many times has Slimer slimed you?
2. What's Slimer's favourite food?
3. Will you ever marry Dana?
4. Could you ask Egon what his favourite book is, besides Tobins Spirit Guide?
5. What is your most favourite

bust besides the Mr. Stay-Puft bust?

—Wayne Harrison, Sheffield
P.S. Slimer is so funny and cool.

Boy, you are one seriously sick individual. Slimer is not so cool... he's slimey! As for being funny, pah! 1. Slimer has slimed me more times than I care to remember. Sometimes things are so traumatic or distressing that you simply put it out of your mind... being slimed definitely falls into that category! 2. Slimer just loves food, with a capital F. He eats nothing else, and neither do I! 3. Woah, hold on there a minute. I've only been out with her a couple of times. 4. Egon says that his favourite book would almost certainly have to be Vondahuck's Binary-Squeamous Dangly Glumpkins, also he never goes very far without first consulting Vondahuck's Legends Of The Deep Levels (including The Nastiest Bits), and, of course, for night-time reading he has Trumm's Grimoire. 5. Any bust as long as there's a decent cheque at the end of it!

1. In Issue seventy-nine's story Boring Karloff, why is Winston's face green?
 2. Does Slimer love Janine?
- John White, Truro

1. Who can say? I guess he felt jealous of Egon as he normally gets all the clever lines. 2. Yup! Slimer loves everybody... especially if he knows that they own a fridge.

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What is the best way to speak to Slimer?
From a long distance!
- Alexander Steen, Surrey.

What did the chocolate bar say to the lollipop?
Hello, Sucker
- Lisa C Jennings, N. Ireland

What do ghosts have for breakfast?
Fright Krispies!
- David Marriott, Liverpool

What do short-sighted ghosts wear?
Spooktacles!
- Paul Simpson, Consett

What is Slimers favourite television programme?
What's my Slime!
- Christopher Wilson, Cumbria.

What is a vampire's favourite fruit?
Blood oranges!
- Thomas Eugene Clarke, Manchester.



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